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Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.] ALBANY, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1841. [VOL. II—NO. 41

MASONIC.

EXTRACTS FROM A MASONIC SERMON.

Text—"Light was against light, in three ranks."

Our first and most excellent Grand Master, Solomon, king of Israel, strengthened by the strength of Hiram, king of Tyre, who strengthened him in his glorious undertaking, had now completed that mighty fabric on the summit of mount Moriah which has immortalized his name; and being called thereby from the labor of seven revolving years to the refreshment of a moment's rest, his active and intelligent mind employed that moment to draw the outlines of a spacious and magnificent edifice, sacred to the genius of the mystic order, and devoted to the regular assemblings of the faithful and the true; the worthy and the good.

The foundation and the cape stone of this elegant monument of fraternal affection and royal munificence, king Solomon gave in charge to the widow's son, by whose cunning contrivance and curious workmanship, the pillars and their chapiters were beautified and adorned with lily work, net work and pomegrantes, inlaid in the seven times refined silver of Parvaim, combined with perfections of Gold from Ophir and Uphaz; united to the mild radiance of the oriental pearl, and gemmed by ten thousand stars, composed of sparkling diamonds, set in polished rubies.

Obedient to the mandate of his illustrious companion and brother, Hiram el Abif selected a deep vale in the forest of Lebanon, where the voice of the lion had never been heard, nor the volume of the serpent pressed the flowery turf, and projecting an oblong square, due east and west, of one hundred and fifty feet in length; and seventy-five in breadth, between north and south; the lower court, middle chamber, and third story rose from the earth to the heavens, forty-five feet in height; and the whole building was supported on its base, in the centre, and at the capital, by thrice fifteen cedar columns of the ancient and original orders, emblematic of the illustrious elect, elected of three times five; and alluding to those ineffable mysteries which can only be learned in the audience chamber of the grand, most potent and sublime.

Forbidden to rend the purple veil which hides the ever burning lamp; nor permitted to explain the secret engraving in crimson capitals; we therefore shall confine our present researches to that *light against light in three ranks*, whereby this magnificent dome was perpetually illumined, as with the noontide splendors of the glory and beauty of the day; and this *light against light in three ranks* it will be our happiness to exhibit, as the three greater lights in the golden candlesticks of the temple, comprehending the first great light of the Holy Bible, the second great light of the perfect square, and the third great light of the extended compasses; and may each one of these grand, sublime, masonic solar orbs commingle social rays, in harmonies of moral and of heavenly light; and so enlighten the worshipful master, wardens and brethren of this right worshipful lodge, that having faith in God hope in immortality, and charity to all mankind, they may realise the pleasing satisfaction which results from a life well spent, die at last in peace with God and man, and wake to raptures of ecstatic bliss in yon bright world of everlasting day, which neither needs the sun the moon, nor morning star, for the Lord God Almighty is the temple thereof, and the Lamb in the midst of the rainbow diademed throne, its cloudless and eternal light.

Masonry, my brethren, my friends, is moral and spiritual science, progressing from faint degrees of natural light, to brighter and more perfect degrees of intellectual day: and while her sons profess to revere that elder scripture, penned on vast creation's wide expanded scroll, they are taught to acknowledge still superior obligations, to a far superior light than nature or than reason can presume to boast. For although it be a serious and solemn truth, as the apostle Paul hath justly observed, that the eternal power and deity of the Supreme Architect of the universe may be clearly inferred and positively proved, from the visibles of creative wisdom, strength and beauty, as impressed on the heavens above, and engraven on the earth beneath; yet, incredible, as it may appear; astonishing, as indeed it is; and humiliating, as it must be, to philosophic pride, the inhabitants of the world, from the rising of the sun, to the going down of the same, stand solemnly charged at the dread tribunal of the high and the lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity, with having changed the glory of the incorruptible Jehovah, into an image made like to corruptible man, and the bird of the air, the beast of the earth, and meaner reptiles of the dust, have received that worship, homage, and fear, from rational, intelligent, and immortal beings, which ought forever to ascend, as a morning oblation, a noontide offering, or an evening sacrifice, to the only blessed Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, who is clothed upon with light, as with a garment; who is decked with honor and majesty, for a covering; who maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh abroad upon the wings of the wind; in whose presence, angel and archangel, veil the radiant face, while cherubim and seraphim continually cry, Holy, holy, thrice holy, is the Lord, the the Lord of hosts; and to whom, the first born sons of elder paradise, from golden harps, perpetually respond. The heavens are full of thy glory, thy goodness, O God! and let the earth be filled with thy praise, thou grand Master Builder of the mighty, the stupendous whole; Artificer supreme, of worlds on worlds, that roll and the vast expanse!

Thus taught to know the weakness of imperfect man; and learned to feel the frailties of feeble dust, as men, as *masons*, we confess the necessity and need of a divine revelation, in which, the name, the nature, and perfections, of the great first cause; the sovereign cause of causes and effects, shall be engraven, as with the point of a diamond, on the rock of celestial truth; and by the clear shinings of whose unspotted light, the craft may be enabled to walk through the darkness of the valley, evermore offering the incense of piety, perfumed by odors of praise, to the munificent giver of every good and perfect gift, for the manifold blessings and comforts of life, profusely sprinkled in a vale of tears; and specially adoring the ineffable riches of that unspeakable grace, which hath set before the sons of amity and peace, a hope full of immortality, beyond the clouded canopy of time; where sorrow and sighing shall flee away; sickness and pain be known no more; and death himself give up the sithe, resign the quiver and the bow, and yield his iron sceptre, to the Son of God.

But it is not, my brethren and my friends, the lighter shade of superstition, the deeper gloom of bigotry, nor yet, the more awful horrors of idolatry, which alone have impelled the fraternity of free and accepted masons, to rejoice with exceeding great joy, in that light of the knowledge of the glory of God, which the gospel of the blessed Redeemer, hath benignantly revealed, as the path of the just, shining brighter and brighter unto more perfect day: but they are also convinced from indubitable records, supported by historic fact, that Grecian philosophy and Roman ethics are but the darkness of the midnight hour, when compared with that purer light of the morn which glows on revelation's lucid page; and we feel ourselves bound to acknowledge, what Socrates and Plato confessed as truth, that weak, imperfect, and benighted man needs a lamp to his feet, and a light to his path, enkindled at the altar of the skies, and fed upon the oil of heavenly grace.

This pure and spotless light, a light above the brightness of the mid day sun, above the radiance of the queen of heaven, our ancient patrons found within the compass of the book divine: and AE* whose birth we celebrate this day, and one, whose memory masons hold most dear, have added many a wheel of light, involving light, in triple rank, to revelation's glowing car: and here permit me to observe, that this great light of life; this greater light in death; not only reflects the light of heavenly truth, on the whole sphere of obligation, which is due to the Grand Architect of the heavens, the earth, and the sea; the Creator of all things above, below, beneath, around; but it also sweeps the compass of knowledge, circle within circle of moral duty, as duty respects the great brotherhood of the one family of man universal; and likewise it teaches that reverence, which we owe to ourselves, as bearing the image and superscriptions of the imperial Augustus of the worlds on high; as deathless emanations from the brightness of the King eternal, immortal, invisible; who alone by his wisdom stretched forth the heavens; by his strength, based the corner stone of earth on the fiat of his word; and swept the royal arch of beauty round yon azure skies!

Persuaded as men, convinced as masons, and believing as christians, that no other light, except the sun of righteousness himself, can possibly equal this great light of present, and of future life; this light of God from heaven above, reflecting light on earth beneath, it is therefore established by a solemn masonic decree, immutable as the law of Media and Persia which changeth not, that the first great light of the Holy Bible shall forever adorn the altar and the column; perpetually shine within the temple and the veil, and evermore move onwards before the journeyings of the craft; as a pillar of fire, moving mid the wilderness of old; and beaming meridian splendors of light, on the deepest gloom of low twelve; while our ancient books of original constitutions, and primitive rolls of sacred charges, received from the Master in Israel on the top of Mount Horeb, and confirmed by himself, in the depths of the valley of Jehoshaphat, have unitedly ordained, that the faith and practice of masons must be conformed to the divine principles, and heavenly pattern of the supreme, sublime, Grand Master of the universe; from whose written word we are taught; and by whose whose exemplar we are taught, to walk as children of the light and of the day, having on the breastplate of faith; and being clothed with the ephod of love, unsullied by hypocrisy, and unstained by dissimulation; evermore loving God, who first loved us, with all the heart, and soul and mind, and might, and strength; which is far more acceptable than thousands of rams, ten thousands of rivers of oil, or the sweetest perfumes of Sabea's spicy groves: and loving our neighbors as ourselves; speaking truth and peace; showing mercy and compassion; executing judgment and justice; thinking no evil against a brother; and working no ill to an enemy; we thus fulfil the royal law of heaven, the law of liberty and love; for these are the two great commandments of the Mosaic and Christian economies united as one, in love to God, and love to man; and they contain within the golden points extended from the bosom of Moses, to the breast of Jesus, the sum of all the law at Sinai given; the substance of prophetic truth from Samuel, to the days of John; and comprehend the glorious gospel of the blessed God, reflecting of the mingled rays of legal and prophetic light; and which like charity, abides the greatest of the three, forever blessing and forever blest.

*St. John the Baptist, and St. John the Evangelist

A person bemoaning the uncomfortable prospect of celibacy, and comparing the respective happiness of married and single states, exclaimed, 'What can make the bitter cup of a bachelor go down?' A wit in company, assuming the tone and manner of the complainant, exclaimed, 'a-lass! a-lass!'

Miscellany.

KEEPING A SECRET.

The following, from "Lectures on the Sphere and Duties of Woman," lately published in Baltimore, is evidently the production of one who (we wish not to perpetrate a libel on the sex) has obviously been a close observer of the female character.

Some women appear to be incapable of keeping a secret. It seems to burn upon their lips till they have uttered it. Let a woman of this description come in possession of a secret, affecting the peace of whole families, and which every tie of humanity would persuade her to bury in utter oblivion, and what does she do? Stay at home and forget it by pursuing her accustomed avocations? Ah no, wet or dry, hot or cold, out she must go at the earliest hour that it is decent to visit. She calls on her most intimate friend, without, perhaps, any definite intention of unburdening her mind. But when she arrives she can think of nothing else. One topic after another is started, but all immediately flag. A strange air of mystery and constraint comes over her, which brings the conversation entirely to a stand. 'What is the matter? Has anything happened? Do tell me what has happened!' It is all over. Out it must come, if it costs her her life.—But then she quiets her conscience by exacting a promise of inviolable secrecy. That promise of secrecy, however, means that she will tell it only to those of her immediate acquaintance whom she can trust—so in about two days it is all over town. It is a profound secret until it is found that every body knows it.—Thus it is in the power of two or three women, who are so disposed, to keep any community in a perpetual strife. I have myself known a whole town thrown into the most violent excitement, and a division created, which separated families, alienated friends, and entirely broke up all social harmony for years, by one base insinuation of not more than ten words.

DRESS OF THE ICELANDERS.

The dress of the Icelandic peasant resembles that of a common sailor, being a short jacket of blue, gray or black home made cloth, wide trousers of the same material, woollen stockings, and shoes or short boots of untanned leather, without heels, and laced in front.—The higher classes are clothed, as in other lands, and even the common people, when going on a long journey or to church, approach nearer the fashion. The raiment of the females is more peculiar, and highly ornamented, though almost all formed of the wadmal, or common cloth of the country. It consists of a red or a black boddice, with stripes of velvet covering the seams, and fastened in front with five or six silver clasps; round the neck is a ruff of velvet, adorned in a similar manner; above is the treva or jacket of black cloth, with silver buttons; and above all, is the hempa, a black cloak lined with velvet, and fastened with clasps. The stockings are dark blue or red, and the shoes somewhat similar to those of the men. The head dress is a fantastic turban of white linen stiffened with pins, and generally from fifteen to twenty inches high. It is round near the head, but soon becomes flat, and curves first backwards and then forwards. It is fastened by a black or colored handkerchief bound round it several times, and on bridal or other high occasions, it is also adorned with gold and silver. By the quantity of these precious metals on the dress, a judgment may be formed of the wealth and station of the proprietor, the silver on that of a lady of rank being frequently worth 400 dollars. But with all this external magnificence, linen is almost unknown, the under clothing of both sexes being chiefly flannel or wadmal, to which many of the diseases prevalent in the country are ascribed.—*Edinburgh Cab. library.*

A Roman, being about to repudiate his wife, amongst a variety of other questions from her enraged kinsmen, was asked, 'Is not your wife a sensible woman? Is she not a handsome woman? Has she not borne you five children?' In answer to all which questions, slipping off his shoe, he held it up, and interrogating them in his turn, 'Is not this shoe?' said he, 'a very handsome one? Is it not quite new? Is it not quite new? Is it not extremely well made?—How, then, is it that none of you can tell where it pinches?'

PETRARCH AND LAURA.

Petrarch first beheld Laura as she was going to the church of the monastery of St. Claire. She was dressed in green, and her gown was embroidered with violets. Her person was delicate, her eyes tender and sparkling, and her eyebrows black as ebony. Golden locks waved over her shoulders whiter than snow, and the ringlets were woven with the fingers of love. Nothing was so soft as her looks, so modest as her carriage, so touching as the sound of her voice. An air of gaiety and tenderness breathed around her; but so pure and happily tempered, as to inspire every beholder with the sentiments of virtue; for she was chaste as the spangled dew-drop on the thorn. Such was the description given of this divine woman, by Petrarch, her enslaved lover.—*Zimmerman.*

A Desirable Residence.—The N. Y. Sun contains an extract of a letter from a family in Texas, which it publishes for the benefit of those who do not consider the United States either large or good enough for them. They write:—"If you come across any fools who have the Texas fever on them strong, just ask them what they want to lose? for if they have any thing to lose, Texas is just the place for them. All we carried to Texas, or made there, has been sacrificed to get away again. You know nothing of sickness at the North; here one day's fever will do more towards killing a man, than a month's sickness would with you."

ANECDOTE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1789.

Politics and cupidity were not the only evil passions which sent their victims to the revolutionary scaffold. All the baser feelings of human nature furnished their contingent, "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," jealousy, sensuality, and even the wounded pride of bad poets, and wretched actors. The following anecdote is related by Heron, private secretary of Fonquier Tinville, the public accuser. On the sixth or seventh Thermidor, (two or three days before the fall of Robespierre, one of Heron's friends called upon him at the bar of the tribunal, for Fonquier had scarcely any other domicile, taking his meals and his rest at the bar, so urgent was the work of destruction; and his secretary was compelled to show as much activity as himself. His college friend then came up to Heron, rubbing his hands and a chuckling smile upon his lips. "Bravo! citizen Heron!" said he, "bravo! the work goes bravely on; fifty four to day! Eh! Tell me, have you as many for to-morrow!"—"Not quite," replied Heron, "but nearly." "Is your list complete? tell me, is it signed by citizen Fonquier?" "Not yet; but why do you ask? have you any aristocrat, federalist, fanatic, or any other to denounce?" "Unfortunately, no; but I have a small favor to ask of you my friend; for you are my friend, are you not? Oblige me by putting my wife's name on the list." "Your wife! ridiculous! you are joking!" "Upon my honor, I am in earnest; and I assure you, it will be doing me a signal service." "Impossible," rejoined Heron; "why it was but last Duodi we dined together, and you then seemed delighted with the *citoyenne?*" "Never mind; my opinion of her is altered." "But she is an excellent *sansculotte?*" "Not at all," replied the husband, "She is an aristocrat, and I can prove it." "You are mad," said Heron; "she is a good wife, and you would quickly repent it." "Not at all; listen to me; 'once, twice, will you guillotine my wife for me?" "Certainly not," said Heron;" "I'll have nothing to do with it." "Thus it is to place any reliance upon college friends," exclaimed the visitor as he withdrew, "as angry with Heron as if the latter had refused to lend him an *assignat* for a hundred francs, or to sign a certificate of his civism." The cream of the story is, that they continued to live lovingly together for thirty years; and that the wife never entertained the slightest suspicion of he husband's summary attempt to get rid of her.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

A person of rather doubtful integrity was bragging to Foote, "that however other people might act, he had the satisfaction to feel that his *heart* always lay at his *tongue's end.*' 'I always thought so,' said the other; 'as I never knew it lie in the *right place.*'

AN ARTFUL DODGER.

A young student, living in a humble apartment in the Quarter Latin, expecting his father to pay him a visit from the country, usually addressed the porter on his return from his lectures, "Well, is my father arrived?" The answer was till yesterday in the negative, when the reply was, "Yes, he arrived about an hour since, and requested to be shown to your room, saying he should lay down on on your bed and rest himself, as he was much fatigued from his journey.—After remaining, however, about a quarter of an hour, he again went out, saying he had a little commission to execute in the neighborhood, and would attend to it immediately, that he might have the uninterrupted enjoyment of your company for the rest of the evening. He has not yet returned. He said he should call at the College de France, where he should perhaps meet you." The son immediately went up to his room, where, to his great consternation, he found that his trunks and drawers had been broken open, and every portable article of wearing apparel carried off, together with about three hundred francs in money. It is probable that he had been dodged by some one of the Parisian swell mob, who, by throwing himself into his company, had ascertained that he expected his father from the country, and had artfully laid his plans accordingly. No clue to the robbers has yet been obtained.—*Paris Paper.*

A GARDENER'S PRIVILEGES.

The question was once asked by a very beautiful woman,—"Why is a gardener the most extraordinary man in the world?" The reply given was as follows: "Because no man has more business on Earth, and he always chooses good Grounds for what he does. He commands his Thyme; he is master of the Mint; and he fingers Pennyroyal. He raises his Celery every year, and it is a bad year indeed that does not bring him in a Plum. He meets with more Boughs than a minister of state; he makes more Beds than the King of France, and has in them more genuine Roses and Lilies than are to be found at a country wake. He makes Raking his business more than his diversion, but it is an advantage to his health and fortune which few others find it; his wife, moreover, has enough of Heart's ease, and never wishes for Weeds, Disorders, fatal to others never hurt him: he walks, and bustles and thrives most in a Consumption: he can boast of more Bleeding-hearts than you can, and has more Laurels than the Duke of Wellington. But his greatest envy of his companion is, that he has Yew when he pleases."—*Gardeners' Chron.*

LAUGHABLE ANECDOTE.

A poet was noticing how sometimes the most trivial and unforeseen accident overturns an author's hopes. 'A thing,' said he, 'once happened to me which was enough to make a man forswear ever taking a pen in hand. I had a tragedy—Garrick performed in it—I must confess the principal incident was little similar Lear's abdication of the throne in favor of his daughters. Mine were two daughters; and the king—after giving them a lesson fraught with legislative advantages that might have done honor to Solon or Lycurgus—finished his harangue by saying, 'and now I divide this crown between you.'—Sir, a malicious scoundrel peeping over the spikes of the orchestra, and staring Garrick full in the face, cried out—'Ah, that's just half a crown a-piece. Sir, an incessant laugh immediately prevailed, and if it had been to save your soul, another syllable could not be heard.

A SEA HORSE.

A captain of a West Indiaman wished to purchase a horse: in consequence he applied to a well known character, who sold him one. After the purchase had been made the captain observed, "Well, now the horse is mine pray tell me candidly whether he has any faults, and what they are." "What do you mean to do with him?" replied the other. "Why, to take him to sea," said the captain, "to the West Indies."—"Then I will be candid," replied the dealer; "he may go very well at sea, but on land he cannot go at all, or I would not have sold him."

☞ These hot days are piping times for editors.

To cut Glass with a Piece of Iron.—Draw with a pencil on paper, any pattern to which you would have the glass conform; place the pattern under the glass, holding both together in the left hand, for the glass must not rest on any plane surface;) then take a common spike or similar piece of iron, heat the point of it to redness, and apply it to the edge of the glass, draw the iron slowly forward, and the edge of the glass will immediately crack; continue moving the iron slowly over the glass, tracing the pattern, and the chink in the glass will follow at the distance of about half an inch, in every direction according to the motion of the iron. It may sometimes be found requisite, however, especially in forming corners, to apply a wet finger to the opposite side of the glass. Tumblers and other glasses may be cut or divined very fancifully by similar means. The iron must be re-heated as often as the crevice in the glass ceases to follow.

A Chinese widow, being found *fanning* the tomb of her husband was asked why she performed so singular an operation? She said, she had promised not to marry again while the tomb remained *damp*, and that as it dried *very slowly*, she saw no harm in assisting.

A CONVENIENT NAP.

Two Oxford scholars slept in the same room at college. 'Jack, (says one early in the morning) are you asleep?' 'Why,' replied the other. 'Because, if you are not, I will borrow half a crown of you.' 'Is that all?—*then I am!*'

Statistics of Duelling under George the Third.—Such was the frequent occurrence of duels in this long reign, that one hundred and seventy-two were fought, (in which three hundred and forty-four were concerned;) sixty nine individuals were killed; in three of these fatal cases neither of the combatants survived; ninety-six were wounded, forty-eight of them desperately and forty-eight slightly; while one hundred and seventy-nine escaped unhurt. From this statement it will be seen that rather more than one-fifth of the combatants lost their lives, and that nearly one-half received the bullets of their antagonists. It also appears that only eighteen trials took place; that six of the arraigned individuals were acquitted; seven found guilty of manslaughter, and three of murder, two of whom were executed, and eight imprisoned during different periods. When the British army occupied the south of France, similar scenes were witnessed, but more especially at Bordeaux, where the French officers came over to the Garonne for the sole purpose of insulting and fighting the English, who were, in many instances, absurd enough to meet their wishes. It is, however, gratifying to state, that the fortune of arms generally in our favor, and in many instances, when our young officers had been so imprudent, as to accept a challenge with the sword, their superior bodily strength and utter ignorance of the polite rules of duelling, turned to their advantage; in several instances they rushed on their adversaries, broke through their guard, and cut them down. In vain the French expostulated against this breach of *les regles de l'exerime*, and called out "foul play;" our seconds usually carried pistols in their pockets, and threatened to shoot any who interfered; and the French at last were tired of the experiment. In one instance the French officers went to the little Theatre de la Giete, then on the Alleys Tourney, when a furious fray took place between them and several British officers; although the latter had no swords, the French drew theirs; but the British, breaking up chairs and tables, in a few minutes shivered their weapons, and knocked them down in every direction. It is somewhat strange, but I was, in a great measure, the means of terminating these differences. Coming out of the theatre, I was assailed by a group of French officers; I calmly replied, that if I had giving offence to any of them, I was ready to afford them any satisfaction; and dilated on the absurdity of making a national war the subject of personal hostility, while I enlarged on the friendly feeling that had prevailed between our armies during the peninsular war, and recalled to their recollection the many kind acts that we had shewn each other when prisoners and wounded. The officers not only listened to me with the greatest attention, but one of them actually hugged me in his rude embrace, and I was obliged to accompany them to an hotel and sup with the party. The next morning there was not a French officer remaining in the town.—*Dr. Millingen's History of Duelling.*

A CRUEL FATHER.

The following atrocious narrative, is copied from the last Monroe (Ouachita) Olive Branch. John Hays was brought before Judge Lamy on a charge of inhuman treatment of his own son Samuel Hays.

It appeared that the treatment of the father was of such a nature as to compel the boy to run away from home and upon the instigation of some person, he was induced to go to the Parish Judge. A subscription of twenty dollars was raised from the persons present in the office at the time, with which they purchased him clothes. Persons who were present when he first came in the office, state that they never saw a more deplorable sight in their lives. His back and arms were mangled in a shocking manner from severe scouring, and his feet and legs were very much swollen.

It appears that the father, together with his inhuman chastisement, forced him to work when he was not able to set down, on account of the manner in which his legs were swollen from being forced out in the cold wet cane and grass, and that he turned him out of doors at night, in his then debilitated condition.—One of the witnesses stated that he saw the father with a rope round the neck of his son, which was attached to the end of a pole, and that he would extend the pole and raise the boy to the end of his toes. This fatherly treatment was intended to intimidate the child for having run away.

Hays was committed to jail, where he will probably remain until November.

Super-superlative.—A wagoner, the other day, drove his team to the door of a warehouse in this village, and thus hailed the merchant: "Don't you want some fine kegs?" "No," answered the merchant. "But don't you want some first rate kegs?" "No." "They are confounded first rate." "Don't want any." "But they're darn'd eternal first rate." "I tell you I don't any." "But mister, they'ae supererogatory first rate." "No." "Each keg is equal to a hogshead." "Don't want any." "Well, dang my buttons if I'd sell to sich a scrimpton as you, any how."—*Wayne Standard.*

A KEEN REBUKE.

Two strangers recently visited Bunker Hill, and ascended to the top of the Monument. After they had asked a number of questions, which the superintendent answered very politely, he told them it was customary to pay a small sum for ascending the Monument. At this they were highy indignant, and said they thought it was a free country, and this place should be free to all—they would not be gulled out of their money by a Yankee! an Englishman ought to be allowed to go free to such public places, &c. The superintendent bowed very politely, and said, "I wish that you had mentioned that you were Englishmen before, for they are the only persons we admit free; we consider that THEY paid dear enough for ascending this hill on the 17th of June, 1766."

Conjunctions.—A conjunction means, literally, an union or meeting together. An ill-assorted marriage is a comical conjunction. But our conjunctions are used to connect words and sentences, and have nothing to do with the joining of hands. The Siamese twins formed a singular conjunction. A tin pot fastened to a dog's tail is a disagreeable conjunction to the animal. A happy pair may be regarded as an uncommon conjunction. Conjunctions connect similar moods and tenses of verbs, and cases of nouns and pronouns; as "a coat of arms suspended on a wall is like an executed traitor, it is *hanged drawn* and *quartered*." "If you continue thus to *drink* brandy and water, and to *smoke* cigars, you will be like Boreas, the north wind, who *takes* 'cold without' wherever he goes, and always '*blows* a cloud' when it comes in his way. Do you think there is any thing between *him* and *her*?" "Yes; *he* and *she* are engaged ones.—*Comic English Grammar.*

The Steam Ship President.—We copy the following from the New Bedford Mercury of yesterday morning:

A wine bottle which had drifted ashore on the Horse Neck Beach, at the mouth of Buzzard's Bay, was picked up on Saturday last by Mr. John Devoll, of Westport, and was found to contain a slip torn from the side margin of a newspaper, upon which the following memorandum had been penciled:

"*Steam ship President, sole survivor the Steward—in a small boat.*
Save me—20th May."

The fragment of paper upon which this is written is a strip about six inches long and one inch wide, and judging from the typography which is scantily indented upon both sides of one of the edges, as also from its corresponding texture, it appears to have been torn from the *Philadelphia Gazette and Commercial Intelligencer*, although we cannot identify it in this respect with certainty. We state what has thus come to our knowledge, leaving it to others who are interested, to form their own conclusions. For ourselves we are strongly inclined to believe it to be an imposture; however difficult it must be to conceive of the motive which could thus induce any individual wantonly to trifle with the sympathies of hundreds who are anxiously interested in the fate of the unfortunate passengers and crew who were embarked in the President.—The President, it will be recollected, sailed from New York on the 12th of March.

AN INTERESTING ALLEGORY.

A vine was growing beneath a thrifty oak, and had just reached that height at which it requires support. 'Oak,' said the ivy vine, 'bend your trunk so that you may support me.' 'My support,' replied the oak, 'is naturally yours, and you may rely upon my strength to bear you up; but you are too large and too solid to bend. Put your arms around me, my pretty vine, and I will manfully support and cherish you, if you have an ambition to climb even as high as the clouds.—While I thus hold you up you will ornament my rough trunk with your pretty green leaves and shining scarlet berries; they will be as frontlets to my head, and I shall stand in the forest like a glorious warrior, with all his plumes. We are made by the Master of Life to grow together, that by our union the weak should be made strong; and the stronger render aid to the weaker.

"But I wish to grow independently," said the vine 'why cannot you twine around me, and let me grow up straight, and not be a mere dependent on you?'—Nature, answered the Oak, did not so design it. It is impossible that you should grow to any great height alone; and if you try it, the wind and the rain, if not your own weight, will bring you soon to the ground. Neither is it proper for you to run your arms hither and thither among other trees; the trees will begin to say, 'It is not my vine—it is a stranger—get thee gone—I will not cherish thee.' By this time thou will be so entangled amongst the branches that thou can't not get back to the oak; and nobody will then admire thee or pity thee.' 'Ah, me,' said the vine, 'let me escape from such a destiny!'—and with this she twined herself round the oak, and they both grew and happily flourished together.

Curious Idea.—The opinion prevails to some extent that water runs faster in the night than it does in the day time. This is a new idea to us. N. P. Willis, in a little book which he has published—"the Tent Pitched"—says: "Talking with my neighbor the miller, about sawing lumber for a stable I am building I discovered incidentally, that the mill will do more work between sunset and dawn, than in the same number of hours by daylight. Without reasoning upon it, the miller knows practically that streams run faster at night." Dr. Webster, in his "History of Pestilential Disease," states that the same thing; that the wheel of a mill moves faster in the night than in the day time, with the same "head and fall." What is the experience of our friends the miller in this matter? They can judge pretty well, for there is scarcely one in the land who has not ran his mill day and night during the high water in the spring.—*Nashua Tel.*

Neil Thompson, an old man of 70, who was in jail at Batavia, Ohio, on a charge of arson, hung himself on the night of the 30th ult.

POPULAR TALES.

From the Knickerbocker.

THE MYSTERIOUS HOMICIDE.

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF LAUNCELOT LIMNER, CLERKE.

It was late in the afternoon of a genial spring day, that a noble looking Spanish cavalier was seen riding into a quiet little village, snugly nestled in a valley at the foot of the mountains that stretch along the western borders of the province of Valencia. The sun, which was just retiring behind the tops of the mountains, left the valley immediately at their base in a melancholy shadow; while he cast upon the vast plain beyond, a rich and vigorous glow, which showed that he was not yet setting, nor shorn of his splendor, amid the golden and rose-colored haze upon the horizon. The cavalier rode slowly on through the village casting a benignant smile upon the urchins, who, attracted by his splendid dress, ran along by his side to gaze upon him; and passing through the principal street, took a narrow road that wound up the side of the mountain, to an antiquated castle, which stood beetling upon an eminence, overlooking the vast plain, and the village sleeping below.

As he approached the castle, it was evident that at first he was regarded as a stranger; but no sooner had he doffed his Spanish hat and sweeping black feathers, displaying his high and expansive forehead, and his noble and benevolent features, than he was recognized by the old seneschal as his long-expected master.

'Ah, Seignior,' said the faithful old servant, 'long have my wearied eyes strained themselves down this winding road, looking for your return to this retreat of your ancestors, and right jealous have I been of the attractions of the lowland estates, that have kept you so many years from us. Your honored father never left the castle three months together.'

'True, good Gomez,' said the master, 'but he was of a moody temperament, and preferred these wild rocks and forests, to the sunny plains; but whether I prefer them or not, I must now perforce make the best of this rude retreat, for all the rest of my rich inheritance is gone from me; but I trust not without making many a heavy heart lighter, smoothing the rugged path of life to many a suffering pilgrim.'

The good old seneschal seemed hardly to comprehend his master's meaning, and a few words of explanation may be necessary for the reader.

Don Vincente de Raymar, at the early age of twenty years, came into the possession of one of the richest inheritances in all Spain. He was an only son; and his father, a morose, retiring, and penurious man, had lavished all the affections of a soured and disappointed heart upon this darling object, and had bestowed upon him all the advantages of a perfect education and princely accomplishments. Don Voncente after the death of his father, as if proud of exhibiting the most striking contrast of character, moved to the gayest circles of Madrid, and was the only most prodigal in his personal expenditure, but most beneficient in his largesses and charities. By degrees either thro' satiety or some other cause, he became less self-indulgent, but at the same time more and generous to others; till at last all Madrid was ringing with the praises of the young cavalier's self-denial, and still more wonderful munificence. His whole delight appeared to consist in giving, and his whole time was absorbed in seeking out objects of charity. Even the beautiful and accomplished Donna Xilia de Toranti, who at first had captivated his heart, now seemed to have lost her power over him; and numerous other lovely damsels, who could not fail to be struck with his fine person, and romantic generosity of character, tried all their arts of captivation in vain. In short, his generosity became a kind of monomania; and although at first indulged in some measure no doubt from love of admiration, is now assumed the character of a ruling passion. His fortune melted rapidly away before it, and in a very few years, while he was yet quite a young man, he found himself deprived of all his estates except one on the mountains, and was brought to a stand by his ability to find a purchaser for that remote relic of his vast patrimony. The crisis, however, did not seem to cause him to reflect on his actual condition; but he at once resolved to retire to that estate, and find there a new field for his active and extraordinary benevolence. As he had no longer the means of founding convents, and supplying the luxurious but necessitous extravagance of his peers, he thought he might discover in these remote regions and among these humble villages, a theatre for the exercise of his ruling passion, adapted to his altered circumstances.

No sooner, therefore, had he established himself in his new situation, than he proceeded to make himself acquainted with the condition and wants of all the good people of the village and neighboring hamlets. In such small communities, the minutest actions of each member are known and canvassed by all the rest and it required but a few acts of generosity on the part of so prominent a personage, to spread his notoriety and fame as extensively among these villagers and peasants, as the squandering of his immense estates had done at Madrid. Rumors of his boundless wealth were circulated abroad, and the people whose wonder was aroused, and whose imaginations became highly excited, began to fancy that they had but to wish for any blessing, and it would at once be supplied by the good Don Vincente.

Things were in this condition, and the whole country was resounding with the praises of the benevolent Don Vincente, when the public ear began to be occupied by other equally extraordinary circumstances. The passage across the mountains, near Don Vincente's castle, was a great thoroughfare, but led for several miles through gloomy forests, and wild, rocky and uninhabitable wastes. This region in former times, had been a famous resort of bands of robbers; but of late years, by the vigilance of the alcaydes of the neighboring villages, and the aid of a small body of troops furnished by the government, had ceased to be infested by these outlaws, and was considered safe for travellers by day or by night. Within a short time, however, several remakable robberies, and some murders, had been perpetrated in this rude and benighted region. The good Don Vincente appeared very much distressed at these extraordinary occurrences, and took an active part, such as became his benevolent character, in the efforts to discover the cause, and to put an end to the enormities. His high rank, and the exalted reputation which he enjoyed, gave him great influence; and the measures taken to attain these objects were entirely of his dictation. One day, while he was on a visit to the alcayde of the village, the worthy Pietro d'Almanzor, to consult upon some steps which he advised should be taken in reference to this subject, he fell into conversation with the magistrate's son, Ferdinando d'Almanzor, whom he had observed to be of a melancholy turn of mind, and whose interesting appearance altogether had attracted his regard, and excited his sympathies.

'I pray you, tell me, my young friend,' said the kind Don Vincente to the disconsolate youth, 'why it is that you always wear so sorrowful an aspect, and that you resist my solicitations to know the cause of your grief, so that I might perchance have it in my power to relieve it.'

'Alas, no, Seignior,' replied Ferdinando,' 'bountiful as you are, you have not the ability to aid me, and I would not afflict your generous heart with a fruitless recital of the sources of my unhappiness.'

'Nay, but I insist,' said Don Vincente, 'that you tell me, for you can form but a very inadequate estimate of my means of assistance, or the fertility of my resources.'

'True, Seignior,' replied the youth, 'but it is not money that can help me, but power over the will of others; and I fear me, with all your kindness of heart, and powers of persuasion, you can do little for me.'

'Say not so, Ferdinando,' responsed Don Vincente with a benignant smile; 'know you not that my influence through the whole country around is unbounded, and that I have already laid almost all the people under obligations to me?'

'Well, then,' exclaimed Ferdinando, with a sigh, 'I will tell you my story, though with little hope that you can in any way extricate me from my difficulty.

'You know the excellent widow Isabella D'Estremar, and her daughter Julia, who reside in the little white cottage, embowered in the orange grove by the narrow path near the foot of the mountain, and not far from your castle. I have seen you there once or twice, and have often heard them both speak in the most enthusiastic terms, not only of your general benevolence, but of your especial kindness to them in their humble though not entirely destitute condition. They were formerly in better, although not in affluent circumstances, during the life of the father and husband; and Julia had received the education and accomplishments appropriate to her sex and station.—Soon after the retirement to the little cottage, I was pursuing my sports upon the mountains, when I came to a rivulet that ran brawling and sparkling down a wooded ravine, rejoicing in its own liquid music, and iis covert of trees, like a wild bird warbling in its green protecting bower. I paused to enjoy the sweet sounds that seemed attuned to a harmony in my own bosom, amid the solemn stillness of the mountain height, rendered more impressive by the gentle shadow that brooded over its steep declivities, and the intense sunshine that slept upon the plain below.

'I loved such scenes with an absorbing but undefined passion, and my whole soul was gushing with sweet but inexpilcable emotion. While under the magical influence, and just as I was penetrating the covert of trees to the rivulet, I beheld seated upon the opposite bank a beautiful maiden, with a book in one hand, which she was reading, and the other slightly raising her garments from the water, while she bathed her naked foot, of snowy whiteness and exquisite proportions, in the cool and gurgling stream. A sudden thrill penetrated my bosom, that made my heart beat audibly, and I stood for a few moments perfectly entranced. As soon as I could in the least command my overpowered senses and scattered reflections, I determined not to surpise her, or make her aware of my presence, until she should change her position.—After waiting in perfect silence some minutes, persuading myself in the mean time, with much difficulty, that she could not hear the throbbing of my heart, she removed her foot, that seemed like white marble dropping crystals, from the sparkling water, and covering it, arose apparently to depart. Though determined not to let her retire without seeing me, when I made the attempt to discover myself I seemed rooted immoveable to the spot, and could scarcely command strength enough to break a twig, whose rustling betrayed my approach to the startled damsel. The spell being now partly broken, my limbs recovered their functions, and I rushed towards her, reaching forth my arms, and imploring her not to be alarmed. As she turned her face toward me, hesitating whether to stop or to go on, the rich auburn hair fell over her glowing cheeks, and snowy shoulders, and from beneath their covert her dark flashing eyes poured their light with double fascination into my enraptured heart.—You may say, perhaps, that it was this exquisite combination of sweet natural influences which I had been enjoying, that rendered my heart at that moment so susceptible to her charms; perhaps it was so; yet you need but to know Julia D'Estremar, for it was she whom I had thus met, to feel that she is in all respects worthy of the intense love which I suddenly conceived for her.

'I was not long in making known to her the emotions of my heart, nor in securing the entire affections of her own; and as my father had always been exceedingly indulgent to all my wishes, I saw no bar to my complete happiness. Judge of my surprise and grief, then, when I tell you, that when, with an exulting and confident heart, I went to that parent, hitherto too so kind, to inform him of my bliss, and reveal to him my wishes, I received his severe reproaches and flat refusal! He ridiculed what he called my silly romantic adventure; said Julia was poor, and unfit to match with a young man of my pretentions; and finally concluded by saying, that I must instantly abandon all future intercourse with her, for he had provided a match for me in the daughter of an old friend of his, a rich merchant of Tarragona, on the other side of the mountains. Indeed, so determined and precipitate is my father in this business, that, although it is now but three days since he first was informed of my ill-fated passion, he has already despatched a messenger to Tarragona, to request Don Antonio Zamara, the rich merchant, to bring his daughter Inez to the church at Bexar, to be married to me to-morrow. In fact, Don Antonio is doubtless now on his way hither, with his daughter and her rich dowry, and will reach here across the mountains early in the morning. You see, then, good Seignior, that I have great cause for unhappiness, inasmuch as I have to choose instantly

between disobeying the kindest of parents, with the loss of my inheritance, and marrying one whom I cannot love, with the loss of one who is the idol of my heart.'

'Indeed, my good young friend,' said the sympathizing Don Vincente, 'you *are* in a strait, to be sure; but think you it is the poverty of Julia alone that prevents your marrage?'

'This at first was no doubt the only cause,' replied Ferdinando; 'but perhaps he has committed himself so far with Don Antonio, that he will not persist on that account.'

Well, Ferdinando,' said Don Vincente, 'perhaps, after all, Don Antonio may be detained, and not arrive to-morrow; and if so, I will contrive some way to break off this unlucky engagement. How large was the dowry that Don Antonio was to give with his daughter?'

'Ten thousand dollars,' replied Ferdinando.

'This is a large sum, in the present state of my finances said Don Vincente, musing; 'but take comfort, Ferdinando: if all the other difficulties, be mastered, I will raise the same sum for a dowry to your beloved Julia.'

'Noble benefactor!' exclaimed Ferdinando, 'I cannot accept so heavy an obligation from you, even to gain so rich a prize.'

'Nay, I shall not ask your leave,' said Don Vincente, smiling; 'it is Julia that is to accept the gift, not you.'

So saying, the good Don Vincente left the young lover, half hoping, half despairing, and made his way to the castle.

Night soon closed in, and heavy black clouds were drifting rapidly through the sky, at intervals covering and revealing the crescent moon, while the sultry wind howled around the battlements and towers of the castle, and the tops of the forest trees. It was a dismal night, and occasionally, as if by convulsive fits, the pattering rain, which fell in heavy drops pressed from the clouds like big tears from some suppressed agony, rustled mournfully among the forest leaves, or beat fitfully against the bald projecting rocks.

Don Antonio Zamara pressed his daughter closer to his bosom, and cast frequent glances back upon his servant, who rode close behind, well armed, as the howling of the wind seemed to increase, and they approached the more desolate and gloomy passes of the mountain.

'Keep a good look out, Pedro,' said Don Antonio to his servant, 'and be ready with your pistols at a moment's warning; for I hear there have been of late frequent attacks of robbers upon way-farers on these wild mountains, notwithstanding all the efforts of the worthy Alcayde d' Almanzor, and the good Don Vincente, to suppress them. Do not tremble so, Inez: I really do not suppose there is any danger, and no doubt the rumors are much exaggerated.'

Thus saying, Don Antonio and his little party descended a declivity in the rough road, into a kind of ravine, overhung on each side by large masses of rock, covered with a thick growth of dark evergreens, and presenting in every aspect a very forbidding appearance.

Don Antonio kept a sharp look-out, for he felt more apprehension than he was willing to acknowledge; and at a slight turn in the road, he thought he discovered some object moving among the clefts of the rocks above and just before him. He stopped suddenly, to assure himself of the fact, but all he could see was an indistinct, dark mass, which appeared immoveable, and which he concluded must be the shadow of a rock, or tree, or cloud, to which the turn in the road, or the fitfulness of the moonlight, had given the appearance of motion. Thus assured, he proceeded a little farther still keeping his eye fixed on the suspicious-looking object, when suddenly he saw the gleam of the moonlight upon some weapon, and in an instant, the flash of a pistol threw a lurid glare through the ravine, and its sharp, spiteful sound reverberated among the hills. The warm blood gushed from the bosom of Don Antonio upon his daughter, who sat on the horse before him, and the animal was plunging with fright, when the dark figure jumped from the cliff into the road, seized the rein, and supporting the relaxing frame of the daughter, he gently laid them both upon the ground All this was done with such rapidity, the astonished Pedro, who rode up behind, had a pistol at his breast before he had time to discover what had happened.

'Peace, slave!' said the robber; 'I would not take human life unnecessarily; and I will spare yours, if you will promise me straightway to take this young damsel back to her home. All I wish is the money your master brought with him.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GATHERER.

From the Lafayette Chronicle.

BLACKBERRY PICKING.

LOVE AND HORNETS.

Mister Editur: Did you ever in the hull course o' your natural life go a blackberryin'? If you haint, golly grashus, why you don't know nothin' no more about rael labor-savin', presshur, galvanic-lectifyin' sport than the but eend o' nothin' arter it's been whittled. Lor, ha' massy upon offiss holders! why nothin' in *all creation* can come up to blackberryin' but gittin' dumped out'n a slay intu a sno bank, and even that aint as good when it aint a moonshiny night.—Menny and menny is the time when a lot o' the Jordan Spankers—that's what our village boys was nicknamed—would raise a party o' gals, after the grain harvestin' was over, and afore the corn and taters was ripe, and start off early in the mornin', for Hop-Toad Hill, where the blackberries was eenamost as plentiful as muskeeturs in these diggings and sich all-fired prime times as we'd have was a caution tu forriners.

Fust off when all hands got collected, and a lot o' sutthin' to eat, pork an' beans, new cider, gooseberry pies, green corn, 'lasses gingerbread an' a smart sprinklin' of other good things were pervided, we'd lokermote; the gals all a walkin' by theirselves; the gals with their tongues a runnin' about scandle, new ribbins, kaliko gowns, an' sich consarns, jest as fast as a saw-mill in a freshet; and the fellows a gabbin' about horses, cattle, gineral musters, an' con shukins—a tellin' how 'twas all like Shaw's kerelessness that made his grain mouldy—that Jim Bingy was the orfulest liar that ever was. and that Hen Sprague told uncle Seth that Zebe Armstrong's wife had heerd how that Harrison Stebbins hadn't the funs to go on with his new frame house, and that a comin' so strait from one who'd orter know all about it, all hands sot it rite down for a fact, an' said that it served them jest rite—and then to think of his havin' the sass to build a house without tellin' the hull village how menny rooms there was to be on the fust floor, an' he a member o' the church tu—"it sarved him jest rite, by crackey!" So we'd keep a torkin' till we cum to the hill, then all hands div rite intu the bushes and brambles, and sich a scramblin' and scratchin' for blackberries as there was, wasn't to be sneezed at.

It happened that on one o' these blackberryin frolics that a sarting long haired feller, with a leetle bunch rite over his mouth—lookin at a distance jest as tho' he'd been among the pots an' kettles, and got a great gob of crock on his upper lip—was a visitin down our way, an' appeared to have taken an amazin fancy to Sally Ann, *the* Sally Ann that I'd ben payin 'tentions tu; kep a chattin to her the hull livelong time, and I snum if I could scarcely bleve my own natteral senses, when he begun tu pick berries an' put 'em intu her basket, an' she not sayin a word agin it. Wal, I guess, as how I was a leetle riled tu see myself cut an set adrift in that fashion, an I had a gret mind tu go off an shine round some other gal, jest for spite, but somehow or nother I wanted to keep an eye on that dandy. So tu Sally says I, 'ther's a smart sprinklin ov berries over here—I guess a leetle more than grow around your way.' 'Oh, they're thick as puddin here' says she, 'I calculate that you *are* pooty consumedly thick,' says I. 'You-aw remarks are demd supawflu ous,' says the long-haired creetur. Suz alive! but wan't my dander up to hear myself call'd a 'demd superflus'—down I slat the basket and upsot all the berries—marches right up to him jest as brassy as a hull militia trainin, an says I, 'ony you call me a porpus or a superflus again, an see how I'll go to work an spile your hansum countenance for ye.' With that, Sally she bust out a crying, an I vow if I could help boo-hooing a leetle myself, I felt so conflusticated.

'You-aw laboring under an erruw,' says he, 'but awnaw demands an explawnation—awn demd.' 'Wal' says I, 'your langwidge wants ixplainin, that's a fact.' So he turned round to set down, hauled out his handkercher, an as I hope to be saved, went to dustin off the top of a hornet's nest, and afore one could say 'git out,' sot down on 't tu ixplain. Gorashus! didn't the hornets come at him for squashin their nest, an didn't he run and holler, an scoot through the briar brushes, an' tear his trowserloons—an the gals snikkered out, an' the fellers haw-hawed till they was eenamost ded, tu see that dandy marvil down in the main road, without enny hat, his trowsers all split up, his hair a flyin in the wind like a bosses tail, an the hornets agoin it tu kill. Sally was shocking shamed of octin so, but we soon made up, and sitch prime sport as all hands had for the rest of the day wasn't to be beat. Long Locks mended up his trowserloons—they were the ony ones he had—and sneaked out'n our village that day an' hainst showed his nose there since—the poor creetur said he found no less than tew duzzen ded hornets in his boots arter he took 'em off! We come from blackberryin in pairs and not as we went—had a loud cargo o' berries, and I do not bleve that one on us 'll ever forgit the haw-hawin we had about the fellow who sot down on the hornet's nest.

Yours truly,
JEHOSHAPHAT JENKINS.

A NOBLE THIEF.

The following appeared in a native Bengalese paper:—"Lately, in the district of Bankora, a thief had made an entrance into the house of a Bramin. Whilst searching for booty, he heard voices, and was about to retreat, when he found the parties close to the spot where he had entered, consisting of the Bramin's wife and her gallant in conversation. The woman complained of the jealousy of her husband, and her lover recommended her to take advantage of his being asleep to murder him, giving her a weapon for the purpose. She objected, however, that if he should wake he might be too strong for her; and urged the gallant to undertake the deed himself, to which he consented: as he advanced to enter the house, the thief, although disposed to make free with the Bramin's property, tho't it incumbent on him to protect the Bramin's life, and as the intended murderer passed the spot where he was secreted, he thrust the instrument with which he had made his way through the wall into the man's belly and killed him; after which he made his escape. The woman seeing her gallant slain, made an outcry, which brought her husband and the neighbors to the spot, when she accused the former of having committed the murder. He was accordingly secured and tried, and, as appearances were strong against him, sentenced to be hanged. From this fate he was again rescued by the heroism of the freebooter, who, on hearing the turn events had taken, gave himself up, and acknowledged his crime. It is not recorded, what decision was pronounced in the case."

OLD VIRGINIA—THE MOTHER OF PRESIDENTS.

It would seem as if fate had determined that Virginia alone should give Presidents to the Union. With the exception of Gen. Jackson, no one who was not from that state has ever been elected for a second term and very few even for the first. Washington was a Virginian, and served eight years. Adams was from Massachusetts, and served but four. He was succeeded by Jefferson, a Virginian, who served eight. Then came Madison, a Virginian, who also served eight, and then Monroe, a Virginian, who also served eight. Then the younger Adams was elected by Congress for four years. Then Gen. Jackson served eight, and Mr. Van Buren four years. Gen. Harrison, although from the state of Ohio, was a native of Virginia, and after serving thirty days was removed by death, to make room for Mr. Tyler, who is and always has been a Virginian. Therefore, when the latter shall have served out his term, it may be said that out of the fifty-six years that the Constitution has been in operation, Virginia has had the President for thirty-six years, and that only one man who was not a Virginian has ever been elected for a second term. Truly the "Old Dominion" may justly claim the proud distinction of being the "Mother of Presidents.—*N. Y. Sun.*

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

Albany, Saturday, June 12, 1841.

☞ We would again remind our Brethren abroad, that wherever the 24th is observed, we would feel obliged by receiving the proceedings for publication.

Masonic Notice.

The members of Temple Encampment, Temple Chapter, together with Mount Vernon, Temple, and Washington Lodges, are particularly requested to meet at Stanwix Hall on Monday evening next, at 7 o'clock, in order to make such arrangements as may be necessary to unite with the brethren in Hudson in suitably celebrating the coming 24th of June. The Brethren are requested to be punctual.

The Grand Lodge of the State of New York, held its annual sesion, on Wednesday the second of June, at the Howard House, New York, and continued its deliberations four days. The representation was unusually large, and the proceedings were of a highly interesting character. As soon as we receive the proceedings from the Grand Secretary, which will be at an early day, we shall spread them before our readers, in detail. During the session, several foreign representatives were received in form; clothed in elegant costume; and the ceremonies connected particularly with the reception of Br. Pirssons, as the representative of the Grand Lodge of Georgia, was not only imposing, but interesting. We shall in a future No. give the communication of the Grand Master of Georgia,—the Address of the Deputy Grand Master, of this State, together with the reply of the R. W. Br. Pirssons, on the occasion, as well as the very fraternal and interesting letter from the Grand Lodge of Hamburgh, to the Grand Lodge of this State.

The following are the Grand Officers elect, for the ensuing year.

M. W. Morgan Lewis, G. M.
R. W. W. W[illiams], D. G. M.
" Joseph Cuyler, G S. W.
" John D. Willard, J. G. W.
" James Herring G. Sec'y.
" Richard Ellis, G. Treas.
" Rev Salem Town, }
" " Wm. S. Walker, }
" " Evan M. Johnson } G. Chaplains.
" " —— Coogland, }
" Wm. Boardman, G. Pursuivant.
" James Thorburn, G. Tyler.

The 24th of June.—We understand, that Br. Joseph P. Pirssons, of New York, has accepted the invitation from the Brethren of Hudson, to deliver the Address at that place, on the 24th of June.

Theatrical Amusements.—A great deal has been said and written, with much justice and propriety, against this species of entertainment. We readily admit, that there exist, in connection with some of the theatres throughout the Union, evils of a sufficient magnitude to condemn every variety of stage performances—evils productive of the most injurious effects to the community, and which should, therefore, be immediately obviated.

But, divested of every immoral feature, and restored to a condition of unspotted purity, we believe that the stage, instead of tending to the perversion and utter prostration of every sentiment of virtue or morality, might be made the instrument of imparting much valuable instruction, combined with a harmless and amusing recreation. Historical events, correctly represented on the stage, are unquestionably calculated to leave a deep and lasting impression on the youthful mind, which time may never efface.

It is greatly to be lamented, that an institution susceptible of being elevated to such an eminent degree of refinement and usefulness, as the theatre, should be perverted and abused by the toleration of evils so obviously calculated to degrade it in the estimation of the respectable and discerning portion of the community. The most prominent of these evils are, the introduction of indecencies in language and costume upon the stage, and the admission of lewd and improper persons. These should be carefully excluded; and no pains should be spared on the part of the management to abolish every objectionable species of dramatic entertainment, so that, in time, the theatre may in reality become what it professes to be—the "school of morality."

The Fourth of July.—With no small degree of pleasure, we perceive that preparations are making in various quarters, to celebrate, in an imposing manner, the 65th anniversary of American independence. The return of this great National Jubilee must ever be welcomed by the American with a heart overflowing with gratitude, and a soul inspired with a love of justice and freedom. We see no reason why we should restrain our emotions of joy, and set bounds to harmless pleasures, on a day whose history is lighted by so great a portion of our early glory; nor do we find reason to the hypothesis of those who would fain have us believe that public celebrations of this nature, operate with an evil tendency upon the minds of the rising generation. To celebrate the noble deeds of his ancestors should be the pride of every youth; and we are sure it would chill the blood of the few revolutionary heroes who are yet among us, to have the anniversary of the day on which they pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors, to maintain the cause of liberty and equality, so soon looked upon by posterity with cold indifference, or passed idly off. All classes of men should be as one family on this great jubilee; the merchant, the farmer, the mechanic, and men of every profession, should unite in joyous acclamation, and sing *Te Deum* to the spirit of '76.

☞ Operations have been commenced for lighting the city of Toronto with gas.

☞ The London papers say that Power, who was lost in the President, had thirty thousand dollars with him. Power was unrivalled as an Irish comedian, and his loss is sincerely regretted, more especially by those who have witnessed his personations.

Reformed Drunkards.—On Tuesday evening, Messrs. Pollard and Wright, the "reformed drunkards" from Baltimore, lectured on the subject of temperance before the Hibernian Temperance Association, in this city.

Knickerbocker for June.—This excellent and popular periodical comes to us containing the usual variety of valuable and interesting matter. The Knickerbocker is decidedly one of the best monthlies of the day; and speaks well for the elevated character of American literature.

Dueling.—This absurd practice originated in antiquity; in history we have records of the ancients who resorted to "single combat" for a settlement of their personal difficulties. It has since become a fashionable amusement, in which *gentlemen* are wont to indulge, when particularly desirous of attaining an enviable newspaper notoriety, and of establishing an *honorable reputation*.

Could not a safer and more satisfactory mode of vindicating an individual's character, be devised, than that of converting himself into a target for his opponent to shoot at?

This dueling is a dangerous business, and is getting to be "very prevalent in this community." Read the following:—

Chivalry!—Honor!—Glory!—On Monday last, a duel came off in the neighborhood of our city. A challenge was sent by a fire-eater to another citizen, which was received and accepted—the time for meeting, the ground, arms and distance agreed upon. The parties met, with their seconds and surgeons, armed with the implements of death. For some cause the challenger refused to fight, and the seconds took up the quarrel—received the deadly weapons—fired in proper time—the second of the challenged fell, the vital fluid appearing to ooze out of the forehead of the fallen? Dead! said the bye-standers. Fly! said the surviving second to his principal—'tis now 'neck or nothing.' They seized their horses, mounted them, and off they scampered as if mad! Before they were out of sight, the saddle girth of the principal's horse gave way; he implored his second to stop and assist him; that could not be—time was too precious—'dear life was at stake'—and away went the second, as if the sheriff and a whole posse were after him—until he was out of the sight of his principal, when he returned by a circuitous route to his friends on the field of death. The principal repaired his girth—again mounted—and the last heard from him, he was on his way to Beardstown, giving his horse as 'tis said, "three licks every jump."

We are told that the parties conducted with the utmost coolness, shaking hands most cordially before they fired, and that neither winked at the flash of the pistols.

N. B. It is now understood that the fatal wound was made with paint, and that, contrary to current reports, no steps have been taken to administer upon the estate of the supposed unlucky second—and that in fact, 'the man's alive, and alive like to be!'—*Springfield (Ill.) Journal.*

A Delicate Appetite.—The Lady Beatrix, says the legend, was a great gourmette in her way. She was, as people often profess themselves to be, "fond of children." She liked them newly born, and dressed simple—on the gridiron; and she had a cook whose broiled babies were chef d'ouvres of the then infant art of cookery. But new-born infants are, fortunately, not so plentiful as new laid eggs; and the Lady of Talmont's daily dinner acted as a strong 'check on population.' Upon one occasion when there was not a child to be had for love or money, it so happened that the cook's wife became the mother of a fine boy. It only wanted half an hour to dinner. His credit, his place, nay perhaps his character was at stake! And the struggle in his bosom, between the father and the cook was tremendous. He looked dangerously at the child, as eyeing its limbs professionally, he stood feeling the edge of his long knife with his thumb, and casting a side glance, from time to time, at the gridiron. But at length Nature triumphed over art, and the cook yielded to the father. Dashing his white cap from his brow, he rushed into the presence of his hungry mistress, and he spoke to her so eloquently of the impropriety of indulging, as she did, in the pleasures of the table, that she not only, with self-denial; renounced for the future the favorite luxury to which she was so partial, but determined to expiate her past dinners by walking bare-foot on thorns from Talmont to Fontenelle.

The Boston Steam Ships.—Precautions for Safety.—It is not generally known, says the Bunker Hill Aurora, we believe, that the mail steamships be-

tween Liverpool are amply provided with extra floats and bolts for the paddles, extra parts of the engines, (all those parts most likely to give way,) and are otherwise provided against accidents to any part of the machinery. In addition to the above, they are also furnished with spars, sails rigging, &c., which may be needed in case of irreparable injury to the engines.—These are carried only by the winter months, from October to April, and with these the captains are able to rig their steamers into complete barques in the short space of six hours.

Rather Awkward.—This was the remark of the last captain but one of the President, when he found she had not arrived in England. This was long ago,—Alas! what can he think now? That unwieldy hulk is now plunging and weltering among the caverns of the deep, where sailor's bones lie whitening, and some restless sea-fan waves over them; and we cannot but deplore the "awkardness" of such unwieldy marine structures—which absolutely "invite" destruction.—A friend of ours observed to us the other day, "Ah! but the President is so well made!" "So is the Atlantic," said we, and made to last; and in the mad play of one horrible midnight, she could survive half her navies.—*Phil. Gaz.*

POWER OF ELOCUTION.

Hoske read some passages in his Roman History to Onslow, (the speaker of the house of commons) who piqued himself upon his reading, and begged him to give his opinion of the work. The speaker answered, as if in a passion, "I cannot tell what to think of; it may be nonsense for any thing I know, since your manner of reading has bewitched me."

Intelligence.

Fire in Albany.—The first fire that has occured in Albany, since last November, took place on Sunday, and consumed only an out building.

A Caution.—Two young roisterers have been fined one hundred dollars per head for breaking the street lamps in Philadelphia while on a spree.

Homicide in Arkansas.—In Benton, Saline co., on the 10th inst., Hardin D. Cross, who had been previously convicted of manslaughter for killing G. A. McDaniel, was shot by Wm. Calvert, with a shot gun, just as he stepped out of his grocery store.

☞ Jacob Gall, aged 24 years, a German, who came to Baltimore a few years since, was drowned at that city on Sunday morning while bathing.

☞ Mary McCastline came to her death at Toronto a few days since, in consequence of taking a quantity of saltpetre, sold to her by mistake, for Epsom salts, by a grocer.

Execution.—At Wilmington, N. C. last week, a young man named Madison Johnson, was hung for the murder of Henry Beasly. When brought under the gallows, he addressed the people nearly an hour, in an unfaltering and audible voice—warning them, and especially the young, against the evil practises of gambling, intemperance and night carousals, to which he attributed his ignominious, untimely death! He said he had been deaf to the good advice given him by his parents; and that the crime for which he was to pay the forfeit of his life was committed under the influence of liquor and passion; and added, that if he *had never indulged in the practice of drinking, he should then be free!*

Another Murder.—We learn that the body of Mr. Ellsley, who had been keeping a wood yard near the mouth of the Missouri river, was found partly buried in earth and brush, and bearing marks which leave no doubt that a murder has been committed upon him.

We are informed that his partner, a few days ago, called on Ellsley's mother, in Alton, giving her eight dollars, told her that her son was going to New Orleans and would be absent some time. He has been arrested.—*St. Louis Gaz.*

Pirates.—It appears by the following, received at Lloyd's from Salonica dated April 22, that the pirates have reappeared in that quarter:

"Pirates are reported to have reappeared at the entrance of this gulf, but of their having attacked any vessels no intelligence has been received. The Greek gun-boats are cruising between the Island and the mouth of the gulf and Mount Athos, to the N. E."

Suicide.—We learn that Mr. Job Abbott, of Barnet, aged about 24, who has been subject to occasional fits of insanity for some years past, committed suicide on Saturday morning last, by cutting his throat with a razor. He locked himself in his room, and when found, his throat was cut from ear to ear, and all signs of life were extinct. We understand that it was the intention of his friends the very morning on which he commtted the fatal act, to start with him for the Charleston Lunatic Asylum.—*Danville Vt. Star.*

All done for.—On the 26th ult., Chales Seward, alias Sewall, another of the negroes engaged in the late horrible tragedy of St. Louis, was tried and convicted of murder in the first degree; and on the following day, the fourth and last of the hellish crew, Warrick was tried and convicted. They will be executed in less than month—probable all together, on the same gallows. Four more terrible beings were probably never brought to justice at the same time.

Fatal Accident.—An accident fatal in its results—as we are informed by a letter from Marshfield—occurred in that town on the 2d inst., owing to the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of a boy. The person killed was a widow woman, named Patience Linton, aged about 35 years. The boy, who it appears was rather careless with the gun, knowing it was loaded, was requested to put it up or go out of the house, and while in the act of leaving, and passing by Mrs. Linton, to reach the door, the gun went off, and she received the contents in her face, causing her death in five or six hours. She has left three little children and a large circle of relatives and friends.—*Danville (Vt.) North Star.*

Suicide.—The Kingston, U. C. Chronicle, states that Mr. Joseph Lee, a resident of Ernesttown, U. C., aged 71 years, committed suicide recently by hanging himself to a tree. He was afraid his family would starve.

A Silly Girl.—A girl named Elizabeth Scott, a domestic in a public house near Pottsville, last Thursday put an end to her life, by the use of arsenic, by reason of being deserted by her lover a stage driver, named Smith.

Accident at Hudson.—The freight cars of the railroad are said to have been precipitated into the river by some unskilfulness on the part of the man at the break. No lives were lost, and no one seriously injured, as we can learn, although the particulars of the accident have not transpired.

Married.

At Mount Hope, near this city, on the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, Mr. Norman Sackrider, of Norfolk, St. Lawrence co., to Miss S. Pamela, daughter of Sartell Prince, Esq.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. J. L. Hodge, Mr. J. L. Relay, to Miss Margaret Ann McDole, all of this city.

At Cohoes on the 6th inst. by the Rev. O. Emerson, Mr. Paul Weidemon, to Miss Julia Ann Benson.

Also, by the same, at the same time and place, Mr. Wm. D. Truesdell, to Mary Jane Benson, all of the former place.

On 1st inst. by the Rev. Charles J. White, Lieut. Augustus B. Walbach, U. S. A. to Mary Louisa Lucas, eldest daughter of Fielding Lucas, jr., of Baltimore.

In Binghamton, on the 25th ult., by the Rev. Mr. Bush, Platt S. Buel, merchant, to Monemia A. eldest daughter of Maj. Peter Mills, late of the U. S. Army.

In New York, on the 3d inst. by Albert Smedes, A. N. Bleecker, to Harriet Van Rensselaer, daughter of the late Joseph Blackwell.

At St. Petersburgh, Russia, 28th April, the Grand Dude Alexander, to the Grand Duchess Maria Alexandronna.

DIED.

On Saturday morning last, Mrs. Mary Ann Deyermand, aged 54.

On the 3d inst. of consumption, Bridget wife of John Gilgan.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. Eunice Eliza Drullard, wife of Mr. Solomon Drullard, aged 30 years.

On the 7th inst. Elizabeth, wife of W. C. Locherty, aged 41 years.

On the 7th inst. of consumption, Wm. Brandon, aged 27 years.

On the 7th inst. of consumption, Mrs. Sarah Goodwin, aged 69 years.

On the 22d inst. Hezekiah Sharp, Esq. of the town of Guilderland, Albany co.

On the 31st inst. at Gaines, Orleans co. Mr. John J. Walbridge, aged 50 years.

TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY.—We are desirous of drawing out some of the Masonic talent of our brethren, which at present appears to lie buried among the rubbish; and to this end, we will pay TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS, for the best original essay on the subject of Masonry—for the second best, two elegantly engraved Master and Royal Arch Aprons on Satin, superbly got up, together with handsomely engraved diplomas of the Master and R. A. Degrees. For the third best, the FREE subscription of the Register so long as we shall have any control of it. The Essay must not be less than TEN PAGES of ordinary foolscap, and it is desirable that the writer should not exceed fifteen such pages. The writer will choose his own method of presenting his subject, in such attractive, useful and practical shape, as will be of interest to the fraternity. The manuscripts will be submitted to two competent and impartial brethren. Each MSS. to be accompanied with the name and residence of the writer, written in such manner as to be detached from the copy; and no person shall be privy to such name but ourselves. All such manuscripts coming to us, whether by mail or otherwise, must be free of charge. The MSS. received, will be our property, and such of them as may be considered worthy of publication, will have the name of the writer added, unless he shall express a wish to the contrary, which will be honorably observed. The time for receiving such Essays will be until the FOURTH OF AUGUST NEXT; addressed to "American Masonic Register, Albany."

☞ Those papers with whom we exchange, will oblige us, if they will either copy the above, or notice the substance of it.

CORNING & COOK Book-Binders, 67 State, corner of Jam s street, (formerly Middle Lane,) Albany. BLANK BOOKS of every description made to order. Paper of any size ruled to any pattern.

Particular attention paid to the binding of music books, law periodicals, old books, newspapers, &c. &c. They would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

By the recent improvements in the above establishment, the proprietors are ready to do all kinds of BOOK BINDING in the most neat and substantial manner. Persons having to bind for their libraries, will do well to call at the above establishment General satisfaction warranted. Prices to conform to the times. Albany, 1840.

MASONIC CELEBRATION.

Hudson Lodge No. 7, Hudson R. A. Chapter, No. 6, and Lafayette Encampment, No. 7, will celebrate the coming Anniversary of "ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST," on the 24th of June next. Masonic Brethren, generally, are respectfully invited to unite in the festivities of the day.

By order of the Committee of Arrangements.

R. CARIQUE, W. M. of H. L.
S. A. COFFIN, K. of H. R. A. C.
L. U. LAWRENCE, G. C. of L. E.

Committee of Correspondence and Invitation.

Hudson, May 4, 5840.

POETRY.

For the American Masonic Register.

Mr. Hoffman—The following effusion appears to me so beautiful, that I cannot avoid copying it, for your excellent paper, in which I have with great pleasure, found so many pieces worthy of circulation, thro' the Union. T. T.

"Thou art, O God! the life and light
Of all this wond'rous world we see;
It's glow by day—its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee:
Where'er we turn thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are THINE!

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of Even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into Heaven
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord are THINE!

When Night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes—
That sacred gloom—those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are THINE!

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye,
Where'er we turn, thy Glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are THINE!"

MOORE.

A BRIGHTER WORLD THAN THIS.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Oh! when I trod life's early ways,
Hope winged my fleeting hours;
I saw no shadow in her rays,
No serpent in her flowers;
I thought on days of present joy,
And years of future bliss,
Nor dreamed that sorrow could alloy
So bright a world as this.

Alas! the fairy dreams I wove,
Soon from my fancy fled;
The friends who owned my tender love,
Were numbered with the dead;
Upon their pallid lips I pressed
Affection's parting kiss;
They left us for a world of rest,
A brighter world than this.

Nor did the spacious world supply
Those ties of opening life;
False was its mocking flattery,
Keen was its bitter strife!
And then I first began to look
For purer, truer bliss,
And love to trace in God's own book,
A brighter world than this.

My wounded heart desired relief,
I found the good I sought,
And now, in trial and in grief,
I feel the soothing thought,
That though the worldling may despair,
When robbed of earthly bliss,
The Christian humbly hopes to share
A brighter world than this!

FRIENDSHIP.

When fortune smiles and life is fair,
Seek not the gem of Friendship there;
When true and false are mingling near,
They both may seem alike sincere;
But when the storms of sorrow lower,
The clouds that first o'ercast the sky,
Will bid the friends of fortune fly;
But one who truly loved before,
Will only change to love the more.

From the London Literary Gazette, for May.

SONG.

BY C. SWAIN.

Oh, sweet comes the grace of the young dewy morning,
As queen-like she steps from her cloud-pillar hall;
And lovely the rose-bud its wild home adorning,
But Love's modest bloom is the sweetest of all.

And sweet is the glimpse of the moon o'er the ocean,
Whose waves, like a blessing, upon our path fall;
But the light that awakens the heart's first emotion,
Oh, Love's stolen glance is the sweetest of all.

There's music in Nature like deeper revealings
Of memories passed which her voice would recall:
There are tones that like angels may visit our feelings,
But Love's whisper'd word is the sweetest of all.

HOME.

How many a fond affection lingers round
The fireside circle, which encloses all
Our dearest ones on earth—those whom we call
Our *own*, amid the busy worlds wide bound;
Those who were never cold nor faithless found;
Who in our hearts we know will never change;
But love us, think of us, where'er we range,
Whose voices have a dear familiar sound,
Whose very looks are home to us—Oh, there,
When the tired spirit from the vanities
Of life returns, to them it fondly flies.

MY MOTHER.

The tribute to a good mother, which follows, will serve to express the feelings of many who behold time's ravages upon their most dear and highly prized parent.

My mother! thou art growing old—
Thy locks, as white as snow,
Proclaim thy years are well nigh told—
And thy cheeks have lost their glow.

O must thou fade so soon away,
My best and only friend?
Thou who first taught my lips to pray,
My infant knees to bend?

Thou who forsook thy couch at night,
To watch around my bed,
And deemed it still a fond delight,
To kiss my feverish head?

Thy kindness in my tender youth,
I never can repay—
In sickness ever near to soothe,
And comfort every day.

My mother! I can never tell
Of all thy tenderness,
For thou hast loved—loved much too well,
And watch too oft my bliss.

When weary and my toil is o'er,
I'm sinking to my rest,
I seem to feel as years before,
When nestling at thy breast.

But as thy evening hours decline,
With all life's labor past,
No joys shall be so great as mine,
To cheer them while they last.

My Mother! every nerve shall strain,
To take away thy care—
Could'st thou but live thy years again,
I would thy trials share.

REMOVAL. JOSEPH CRATTERSON, Draper and Tailor, respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed to the new store No. 13 Market-st four doors south of the Eagle Tavern, where he intends to conduct the tailoring business in the latest and most approved fashions.

J. C. trusts by his punctuality and attention to business to merit a share of public patronage and solicits a continuation of the favors of his present customers. He flatters himself by the long experience he has had in the business, to be able to give general satisfaction to those who may favor him with a call.

Just received a handsome assortment of goods, suitable for the season. my31tf.

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS.

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Friday.
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge,	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter.	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday.
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Ge'a.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment,	Lockport Nia.	2nd Thursday
Ohio Lodge, No 101,	Wheeling Va.	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter, 19,	"	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	"	2d Monday ev o month
Utica Lodge, 47,	Utica,	last Thursday.
Oneida Chapter, 57.	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment,3	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah.	Louisville, Ky.	1st & 3d Monday.
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
King Solomon's chapter	do	2d Monday
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday
Memphis Chapter,	Memphis, Tenn	3d Monday.
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah, Geo.	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Solomon Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday.
Zerubbabel Lodge	do	2d and 4th Thursday
Oglethorpe Lodge	do	1st and 3d Monday.
Shelbyville Chapter,	Shelbyville, Ky	1st Monday
Solomon's Lodge,	do	3d Monday.

PEOPLE'S LINE STEAM BOATS.

FOR NEW YORK FOR 1841—DAILY NIGHT LINE—PASSAGE $1——The public are informed that during the past winter extensive alterations have been made in the People's Line, by substituting the North America in the place of the Utica, and by adding thereto the South America, a splendid new boat now building in New York, and which will be ready to take her place in the line on the opening of navigation. The Line will then consist of the ROCHESTER and the NORTH and SOUTH AMERICA, three of the most splendid steam boats ever run on the North River, and will commence and continue to run for the conveyance of passengers and light freight between New York and Albany and intermediate places, during the coming season of navigation. The above Steamboats are not surpassed in point of speed by any boats in any country, nor equalled in extent and elegance of accommodation, and general adaptedness to the business in which they are engaged. The owners of the line are practical steamboat men, and their personal attention, with the advantage of fifteen years experience in the business will be devoted to the management of this new enterprise, so necessary for the accommodation and comfort of the travelling community, and they look with confidence to a discerning and liberal public for patronage and support.

One of the above Steamboats will leave Albany for New York, daily, at 5 o'clock P. M.

For further particulars, apply to the captains on board or at the office on the dock. mr. 12

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The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account.

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